

## Wind through Hollow Wood

Wind thorough hollow wood you call me  
from the glistening air where everything is known  
fingers through tight skin you call me  
to the fire no one lies a round in

Did I see you at that fire last night,  
tried at thst fire lastnight throat wide open,  
hold your hand and feel the god destroyed?

I follow your footpath through the roots that grow  
down to where the waters start to turn around  
this morning this morning sun rising behind the fog

Your sunset eye against my eye  
cheekbones touching. "Aim for the head.  
You don't want steel balls in your meat."  
*I continue you continue me* Fire!  
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